

organizations, every talent may be improved, but could we only induce the young men to attend these meetings, reach out a saving hand to them, they might be led to the Christ, the beautiful star of Bethlehem, shining brighter and brighter, attracting more and more. Could we but persuade them to enlist in the great army, teach them to put on the whole armor of God, ready to march to the front of the battle and fight till the victory be won, our country would surely be blessed. "Hark! to the battle cry, sounding from yonder sky! Grasp the sword of the Lord, and forward!

But on the other hand by upholding the saloons, the dancing halls, the theatre, play parties and billiard balls, and, yes, ball games on Sunday, we will but lay stumbling blocks, and help the young men on to destruction, and simply enable Satan to claim his own.

The turning points of human life
Do just before him lie.
If to the right he turns, he'll live,
If to the left, he'll die.

What is there to admire in the young man who uses intoxicating liquors, tobacco and profane language? I wonder if there is one father anywhere who would like to see his son a drunkard, gambler, swindler or a thief. If there are any such, I do not wonder that you cast your votes in favor of these dens of vice. Most of them say, they did not vote for them. Think a moment. You failed to vote against them, and Christ says if we are not for a thing, we *must* be against it. If every citizen would work for the welfare of his own and his neighbors' children, there would be no such dens in existence. If parents would *love* their children as *God loves his*, they would not tolerate such wicked places around their homes to allure their children into temptation and sin. Love is not a mere feeling, but a passion. It is so strong that it fires the soul and consumes all the minor and meaner impulses. There is no passion that is stronger than *true, burning and unselfish love*, which is the grandest ornament of the human soul. How prominently love shines out in the life of Christ.

O Lord Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee!
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of God to me.

When a mother sees her infant son in the cold embrace of death, she moans, how her heart is bruised. What joy was hers, only to be turned into sorrow. What bright hopes were hers only to be changed to bitter despair. How she was planning his future for him, but, alas! all is over. Dear mother could you but see deep into the future as your God can see, you might thank him for his mercy and kindness, you know that your child is safe in the arms of Jesus. Had he lived to become a young man he might have been a soldier for Jesus, and again he might have been bound by the heavy chains of Satan. Would it not crush your heart to see him

murdered while in an intoxicated state, see him sent to prison for life, or end his life upon the scaffold? Year after year, some mothers' sons end their lives in various ways. Oh! young men, dear brothers, will you be among that number?

The friendship which you love so well,
I fear will prove a snare,
To draw you down the road to hell
Unless you now beware!
Which will you do, and do today;
I'm anxious now to know.
Draw nigh to God? or turn away
And reap eternal woe.

Lakeville Ind.

Christian Life

The Final Struggle

Tarry with me, O my Savior!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh:
Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

Lonely seems the vale of shadow,
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak, Thou, Lord, in words of cheer;
Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the Everlasting Arms.

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me thru the darkness,
While I sleep still watch by me.
Tarry with me, O my Savior,
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

—Caroline Sprague Smith.

The Sacredness of Everyday Life

Presbyterian Banner.

We have often been led to wonder at the false estimates placed upon life. In the everyday world it is usually measured by dollars and cents. A man is worth only so much to another as he can secure in the way of cash by using him. Even one's own life often places value upon self in proportion to the number of dollars it can heap together from the general pile. But the Saviour's challenge keeps on ringing down the centuries unanswered: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" literally, "his own life." The challenge has never been answered, because the "profit" can be only eternal, and the "loss" unmeasureable loss. There is not enough gold locked up in the everlasting hills to measure the value of a single life. Life is a sacred thing, beyond the power of finite hand to fashion or value. Not till we can know the infinite fullness of the triune God can we fully value a single human life, for to save a single soul the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit unite their power. And can any finite mind hope ever fully to grasp the Infinite? Hence the full value of a life must ever remain only partially known.

And can we, then, divide life up? Does it carry one value thru six days of the week, and on the seventh suddenly assume a more sacred worth? It would often seem that we do thus seek practically to divorce life from itself. We fail to realize that "everyday life" is a sacred thing and that the sanctity which God enjoined upon the Sabbath day is purposed to emphasize this sacredness of all life by calling a halt upon the world's mad race for place, and turning the spirit's gaze upon the great Author of life.

All life is sacred, for "nothing is secret that shall not be manifested, neither hid that shall not be known and come abroad," in that day when the Son of man shall sit upon His throne of judgment. Down in the carpenter shop of Nazareth, day after day the Christ wrought on, as a man fashioning yokes and plows out of materials already fashioned by His divine power. The men of Nazareth doubtless passed and repassed the shop with never a thought as to who He was, or as to the lesson He was there setting of the sacredness of everyday life. All His toil ended in benefit to some one. It was not emptiness. It was not spending His hours in questionable, if not harmful, deeds. It was a sacred service.

If these few thoughts will help the reader to carry this fact of the working of Christ more fully into his everyday life—behind the counter, in the shop, on the street, in the home, wherever he may be—the writer will be glad. Time, place, surroundings, nothing can rob life of its sacredness. All service, everywhere, should be sacred service, and every day is a sacred trust. Acting upon this truth, with the poet we can say:

"After the toil and trouble, there cometh a day of rest;
After the weary conflict, peace in the Savior's breast;
After the care and sorrow, the glory of light and love;
After the wilderness journey, the Father's bright home above."

Be Steadfast

Evangelical Messenger.

An even, persevering type of the Christian life is essential to religious happiness and usefulness. To be out of the way much of the time and to be vacillating between right and wrong is a very unsatisfactory state of heart and mind. Some people are in such a tangle as to their relation to the church and the world that they are in real misery. They find little comfort in their religion because there is so little of it; and they cannot enjoy the world because of the restraints of their profession and church relation.

Be steadfast in faith. Faith as a principle can be so strengthened and made a fixity in one's character as to become immovable. Men become Christians by believing; they become doubters by doubting. Our perception of truth is governed largely by our attitude toward it when presented to us. To doubt when it requires an effort and costs a struggle not to believe blunts the keener